A Present. for Bent. P. Bailey

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A

PRESENT

FOR

Sabbath School Children.

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

BOSTON :

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1819.

HYMN.

From Mr. Winchell's Supplement to Watts' Psalms and Hymns arranged.

Prudence.

O 'tis a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a useful part.

When envy, strife, and wars begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals !

Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor let their fury rise ;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

Their frame is prudence, mix'd with love,
Good works fulfil their day :
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

Such was the Saviour of mankind ;
Such pleasures he pursu'd ;
His flesh and blood were all refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

Lord, can these plants of virtue grow
In such a heart as mine ?
Thy grace my nature can renew,
And make my soul like thine.

Watts' Ser.

ADDRESS

TO

SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Extracted from the Rev. Dr. DANA's Address delivered August 16, 1818, at a public meeting of the Sabbath Schools under the patronage of the Newburyport Sabbath School and Tract Society.

My dear Children,

WHENEVER you reflect, for a moment, on your condition, you must perceive that the great God has been distinguishingly kind to you. How many millions of children, born in heathen lands, never saw a Bible, never heard of Jesus, never welcomed a Sabbath, never entered a school, never were taught to read, nor to pray! How many thousands and myriads of chil-

dren, even in this favoured country, are entire strangers to your privileges! No minister of Jesus explains to them the word of eternal life. No parent teaches them to pray; nor points out the path to heaven, that they may pursue it; nor warns them of the downward road, that they may shun it. But how favoured is your lot, in these respects! You were born in a *Christian* land. You live in the midst of bibles, and sabbaths, and sermons, and prayers, and Christian instructions. Most of you have parents who endeavour to teach you the things of religion. And all of you have liberty to attend the Sabbath School, where you hear and repeat much about God, and Christ, and religion, and heaven, and hell. Yours is the high privilege of storing your memories

with passages from the Bible, and from other books written expressly for your benefit. How constantly, how affectionately do your beloved teachers warn and entreat you to forsake your sins, to hallow the Sabbath, to love the Saviour, to devote yourselves to God without delay, and live a life of obedience to his commands! And now, my dear children, let me ask you one serious question. Can you bear the thought, that all these advantages shall be lost upon you? Are you willing to know more than other children, only that you may be more guilty? Are you willing to be taught the will of God, that you may disobey it? To hear of Christ, that you may neglect him? To be warned to flee from eternal destruction, and yet rush upon it? Are you willing that every pas-

sage of Scripture you repeat, every psalm and hymn you commit to memory, shall rise up in judgment against you in the great day? Are you willing that these affectionate and beloved teachers shall bear witness against you at the bar of Christ?—And this, if you continue impenitent, you must expect. But oh, how can you *bear* it?—Trifle not, then, my dear children, a moment longer.—Receive and ponder the instructions of every Sabbath as seriously, as though you knew they would be the last. Pray, earnestly and constantly pray, that God would write them all in your hearts. Shun every way of sin. Think of that Saviour who once said, and who says now; "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the

kingdom of heaven." O give him your hearts this day; and devote yourselves to his service for ever. You will then rise up the ornament of your parents, the joy of your instructors, and the comfort of your ministers. You will be useful while you live; you shall be happy when you die; and you shall dwell with God, and his saints for ever.

ADDRESS TO PARENTS.

From the same.

TO the PARENTS who are present on this occasion, let me say, in the first place, and with emphasis—Think not, my honoured friends, because others have consented to aid you in the religious education of your children, that you are excused from the duty. No; this is impossible. To you these opening, immortal minds are committed; and at your hands they will be required. From you, probably more than from all others, they will receive those impressions which will determine their character and their destiny for eternity. What parental heart, that is a heart of flesh, does not tremble and sink under the overwhelming weight of the thought? The instruc-

tions of Sabbath Schools are indeed precious. But without your active endeavours to fix and to deepen their impression, they will too probably be evanescent and useless. On you, under God, it depends, whether the advantages which your beloved children now enjoy, shall prove ultimately beneficial. Let me then exhort and entreat you cordially to unite and co-operate with their instructors, in the great object they have in view. Give them not the pain and discouragement of finding no support, where they have the strongest reasons to expect, and to claim it. Promote in your children a constancy and punctuality of attendance at school. Let them see that you consider a *price as put into their hands;* and that you are anxious for nothing so much as that they may improve

it. Ask them a thousand questions respecting what they repeat and hear. Repress, in every possible way, what is wrong in their temper and conduct; and cherish with the utmost assiduity every rising sentiment and feeling of an opposite kind. Above all, let your morning and evening supplications to the God of mercy, witness that you *sincerely desire their salvation.*

These efforts, my friends, you owe to yourselves, and to the children of your bodies. You owe them to God, and the Redeemer; to the church and world; to the present and future interests of your country, and of Zion.

Shortly, you and your dear children will mingle dust in the same silent tomb. Shortly, your spirits and theirs will be summoned to the same God and

Judge, to receive a sentence unalterable and everlasting. But I forbear. Human language was never designed to express the transport, or the distress of such a scene. Here, thought itself is baffled. I leave you with a single reflection. If the truths of the gospel are important to your children, they are not less important to you. If the blessings of religion are needful for them, you too must possess these blessings, or be undone—undone for ever!

Extract from Mr. Sharp's Address, delivered at the General Meeting of the Sunday Schools of the three Baptist Societies in Boston, Oct. 29, 1817.

"Idleness and theft in a great measure disappear where these schools are properly supported. When I visited Phillips* in Prison at the time he was under sentence of death, I asked him if he had a Bible. He replied, "no, sir, I can neither read nor write." This single fact ought to affect every heart. If then you would wish to be instruments in preventing dissipation and crime, lend your assistance in the instruction of poor children. Encourage by your presence, and exertions, Sabbath Schools."

In closing his remarks on the utility of these schools, he says, "Permit me to mention an interesting account from the Sunday School Repository.

"A gentleman was not long since called to visit a dying female. On entering the humble cottage where she dwelt, he heard, in an adjoining room an infant voice. He listened, and he found it was the child of the poor dying woman engaged in prayer: "O Lord, bless my poor mother," cried the little boy, "and prepare her to die!—O God,

* Who was lately executed in Boston for murder.

I thank thee that I have been sent to a Sunday School, and there have been taught to read my Bible: and there I learn that when my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up This comforts me now my poor mother is going to leave me; may it comfort her, and may she go to heaven;—and may I go there too!—O Jesus, pity a poor child, and pity my poor dear mother; and help me to say, thy will be done!" He ceased; and the visitor, opening the door, approached the bed-side of the poor woman. "Your child has been praying with you," said he; "I have listened to his prayer," "Yes," said she, making an effort to rise; "he is a dear child —Thank God he has been sent to a Sunday School; I cannot read myself, but he can, and he has read the Bible to me; and I hope I have reason to bless God for it. Yes, I have learned from him that I am a sinner; I have heard from him of Jesus Christ, and I do—yes, I do, as a poor sinner put my trust in him I hope he will preserve me —I hope he has forgiven me.— I am going to die, but I am not afraid; my dear child has been the means of saving my soul —O! how thankful am I that he was sent to a Sunday School."

To my Watch.

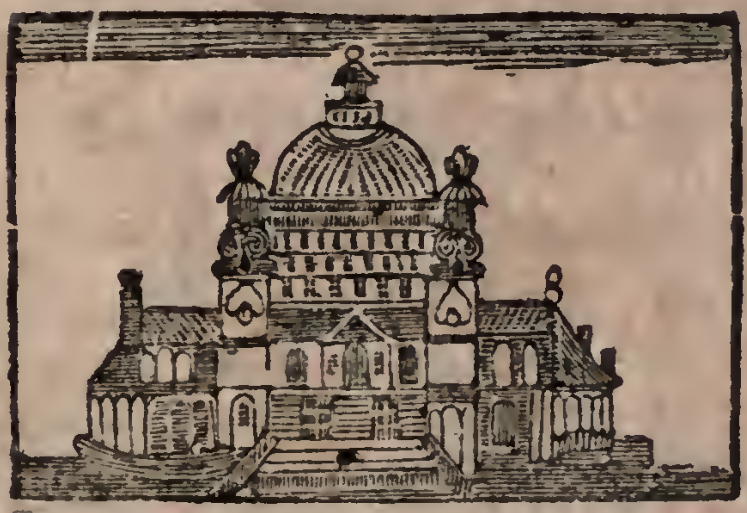
Little Monitor, by thee
Let me learn what I should be:
Learn the round of life to fill,
Useful and progressive still.
Thou canst gentle hints impart
How to regulate the heart:
When I wind thee up at night,
Mark each fault and set thee right,
Let me search my bosom too,
And my daily thoughts review;
Mark the movements of my mind,
Nor be easy, when I find
Latent errors rise to view,
Till all be regular and true.

Song for the Sabbath.

Come, let us join in sweet accord
  In hymns around the throne ;
This is the day our rising Lord
  Hath made and call'd his own.

This is the day which God hath blest,
  The brightest of the seven ;
Type of that everlasting rest,
  The saints enjoy in heaven.

HYMN.



Praise for Sabbath School instruction.

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and pray'r,
  In heav'n thy dwelling place,
From children who this favour share,
  We're taught to seek thy face.

Thanks for thy *word*, and for thy *day*,
  And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play,
  Thy *holy* sabbaths more.

Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines;
O, be thy mercies shower'd on those
Who *teach* its heav'nly lines!

HYMN.

Humble request, at the Sanctuary.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we cannot let thee go,
'Till a blessing thou bestow.

Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

[Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.]

Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

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